

NO. 5,288.

NEW YORK, SUNDAY, MAY 9, 1897.—66 PAGES.—Copyright, 1897, by W. B. Hearst.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## PLATT HAS STIRRED UP A POWERFUL OPPOSITION.

Citizens Union Men Sure He  
is Scared at Their  
Strength.

NO DICKER WILL BE MADE.

The Leaders Declare Platt Is the  
Leader of Bosses, Whom  
They Would Destroy.

FOR AN EARLY NOMINATION.

The Situation Seems to Indicate It,  
and That the Good Government  
Men's Plan Will Be  
Followed.

For Mayor on the Republican  
ticket—Any one who stands a show  
of being elected, and, if victorious,  
will let Platt dole out the offices.

PLATT'S plea for harmony has fallen  
upon ears deaf to machine entirely.  
The clamor of the Citizens' Union  
leaders that "Tammany is preferable to  
Platt rule" still holds good. Citizens' Union  
leaders assert emphatically that they do not  
intend that the principles which they have  
promulgated shall be nullified by any  
dicker with Platt, the chief exponent of  
machinism, which it is their mission to ex-  
terminate.

The Citizens' managers believe that in  
early action there is political salvation.

One Citizens' Union Republican said he  
believed Platt's statement was written by  
Congressman Quigg to boom his candidacy  
for Mayor.

Lauterbach Pleased.  
Edward Lauterbach was delighted with  
Senator Platt's comment on the situation.  
He said, though, that it did not necessi-  
tate his adding anything to the statements  
that he had already made in favor of a  
straight Republican ticket.

The machine men are as set in their de-  
mand that only partisans be nominated as  
the Citizens' Union managers are that  
strictly non-partisans be put on guard.

Thus far the early nomination Citizens'  
Union men have won victories for their  
proposition all along the line. They had  
the endorsement of Seth Low for Mayor  
by the Willis anti-Platt Republicans as a  
victory for them, as they were the first to  
suggest his candidacy. They believe that  
the Willis Republicans, composed as they  
are of the class of citizens whose views  
are more or less in sympathy with the  
principles of the Citizens' Union, will  
give them support, thus tipping off all  
that would otherwise—and in early nomi-  
nation not been intended—gone to the Platt  
machine ticket.

The Unionists also believe that the situa-  
tion presages a split in the machine; that  
Jacob Worth's indirect endorsement of a  
union movement leads to the conclusion  
that the Brooklyn machine in the Greater  
New York convention will oppose Lauter-  
bach's straight ticket proposition.

Have Much to Gain.  
The Brooklyn machine has much to gain  
by supporting a Union ticket. The salaries  
and fees of the county officers aggregate  
over \$200,000. The office of County Clerk  
is worth \$90,000, that of Sheriff \$70,000 and

Continued on Next Page.

Even, Strong Not Entirely  
Suited with the  
Boss's Talk.

AFTER ANOTHER TERM?

It Is Said the Mayor Would Like  
to Run on a Union  
Ticket Again.

SETH LOW'S BOOM IS GROWING.

The Launching by the Willis Faction in  
Brooklyn Sets His New York  
Friends to Busy  
Effort.

For Mayor on a Citizens' ticket—  
WILLIAM L. STRONG.

THIS is the ticket that Mayor Strong  
is said secretly to favor.

Notwithstanding the Mayor's re-  
iteration of the statement that he is not  
and will not be a candidate, it was stated  
yesterday by one of his intimate friends  
that he would willingly run again on a  
union ticket. It was further said that  
Mayor Strong's ambition was causing the  
Citizens' Union managers and the friends  
of Seth Low some embarrassment.

The news that 230 Independent Republi-  
cans of Brooklyn, members of the Willis  
anti-Platt faction, had formally endorsed  
President Low's candidacy was received by  
Mr. Low's New York friends with great  
satisfaction. They saw in this movement  
a way to shelve Mayor Strong without  
wounding his feelings.

Not the Strongest Candidate.

They believe that Mayor Strong would  
get much less of the Republican machine  
support than would be given to Seth Low.

An indication of the Mayor's ambition is  
contained in his appointment of Clarence  
W. Meade as City Magistrate. Meade is  
the father-in-law of National Committee-  
man Frederick S. Gibbs, of the Republican  
County Committee, one of Lauterbach's  
staunchest friends, and a leading exponent  
of the straight machine ticket idea. Meade  
is also a Platt man of the most pronounced  
type. He was a candidate for Magistrate  
at the time the present Board was appointed,  
but Strong refused to name him because  
of his machine connections. There is more  
than a belief current that the Mayor has  
started in to endeavor to placate the ma-  
chine.

Low's Boom Grows.

The boom for Seth Low grows. The  
movement in his behalf is distinctly anti-  
Platt. John E. Milholland and the mem-  
bers of the McKinley League are, it is said,  
preparing to engineer an endorsement for  
Mr. Low along the lines of the Brooklyn  
endorsement.

The action of the Willis faction in en-  
dorsing Low is regarded as shrewd politics  
by the Independents, and as an indication  
that the anti-Platt men will generally fol-  
low Citizens' Union leadership.

Machine men say that the endorsement  
was clearly an attempt to take advantage  
of the report that "Boss" Worth would  
support Mr. Low as the head of a union  
ticket.

The address of endorsement which the  
Willis men promulgated will be acted upon

Continued on Next Page.

## "DRY DOCK" NO. 3 A VERY WET DOCK

Sprung A leak Yesterday  
and the Port Wall  
Bulged Alarming.

MASSACHUSETTS IN PERIL.

It Was Feared for a Time That  
the Big Battle Ship Would  
Be Crushed.

WATER SPOUTED TEN FEET.

Damaged Dock, the Largest in Service,  
Has Cost a Million, and It  
May Be Necessary to  
Rebuild It.

Dry Dock No. 3, in the Brooklyn Navy  
Yard, the largest one in the service,  
sprung a leak yesterday morning. Water  
forced its way in through the port side,  
bulging out the timbers fully eighteen  
inches. A stretch of the dock about 150  
feet long and 20 feet deep is affected. It  
will be necessary to tear out the floor and  
part of the wall to put the dock in shape  
for further use, the expense of which can-  
not be conjectured. The battle ship Massa-  
chusetts was in the dock when the leak  
was discovered, and fears were entertained  
that the side of the dock might cave in on  
the vessel. Investigation showed that she  
was safe and the dock was flooded to a  
depth of fifteen feet. She is now resting  
on the bottom of the dock, her hull half  
out of the water, tied fore and aft to  
prevent her floating away should the dock  
do any further tricks.

With one exception the new dock at the  
Brooklyn Navy Yard is the only one at the  
command of this Government in which the  
14,000 ton ships can be hauled—the In-  
diana, the Massachusetts and the Iowa,  
for instance.

Found the Leak.

The Massachusetts has been in the dock  
for the past four or five weeks, having bilge  
keels put on and other repairs made to her  
hull. The work is nearly completed. One  
of the carpenters at work on the ship  
found the leak early yesterday. It was not  
near the ship, being about twenty-five feet  
from the entrance, on the port side, near  
the bottom.

It took but a short time for other leaks  
to appear, and when Naval Constructor  
Bowles arrived he found the walls bulging  
in. Water and mud were pouring through  
the cracks and flooding the bottom of the  
dock. The suction pipe designed to carry  
off the water from the dock is twenty  
inches in diameter, but the water coming  
from the leaks was too much for its ca-  
pacity, and the flood gained rapidly. Right  
at the stern of the Massachusetts there ap-  
peared, about noon, an opening in the floor  
of the dock, through which a stream of  
water spouted to a height of six feet.

Quick action was necessary to avoid dam-  
age to the Massachusetts. There were a  
number of holes in her hull, where the  
work of fixing bilge keels had been car-  
ried on, and these were closed. The sea-  
folding upon which the men had been  
working was hustled out, to save as much  
as possible of the property of the Govern-

Continued on Next Page.

## CORNELL REBUKES BICYCLE HATERS.

Intends to Put a Stop to the  
Menacing of Wheelmen  
by Drivers.

GRAEF BROTHERS FINED.

They Made Persistent but Un-  
successful Efforts to Run  
Down Isador Strauss.

THE WHEELMAN REMONSTRATED.

And One of the Truckmen Promptly  
Left His Seat and Knocked  
Him Down—"Brutes," Says  
the Magistrate.

Magistrate Cornell, in the Yorkville Police  
Court yesterday morning, fined two men who  
had attempted to run down and injure a  
young wheelman, and administered to them a  
rebuke which he told them they would do  
well to heed.

Isador Strauss, of No. 250 East Houston  
street, was riding up Second avenue Friday  
evening. He was complying with all the  
ordinances regulating bicycling. At Tenth  
street, according to the story told in court,  
a one-horse produce wagon drove alongside  
of him. Holding the reins was Ernest Graef,  
while seated with him was his brother, Henry,  
both of whom live at No. 183 Avenue A. The  
driver of the team, upon seeing the wheel-  
man, immediately guided his horse so that  
Strauss was nearly run down. He tried to  
avoid them, and began sprinting, but Ernest  
whipped up his horse and made several, and  
heavily successful, attempts to run the young  
man down. Finally, at Eighteenth street,  
Strauss, becoming frightened, jumped from  
his wheel and, walking to the curb, called  
out: "What are you trying to do? Trying to  
kill me?"

Henry Graef at once sprang from his wagon  
and, running over to Strauss, dealt him a  
heavy blow in the face, which knocked the  
young man to the pavement. At that mo-  
ment Bicycle Policeman John McLaughlin, of  
the East Twenty-second Street Station, came  
along. He had witnessed the assault. Henry  
jumped back to his seat, while his brother  
whipped up the horse, and started it on a  
mad run up the avenue. The policeman gave  
pursuit, and after a chase of two blocks cap-  
tured the team and placed the two men under  
arrest. Strauss, who was bleeding from the  
effects of the blow, went to the station house  
and made a complaint against Henry, while  
the policeman charged Ernest with reck-  
less driving. Both men were locked up.

Magistrate Cornell was indignant when he  
heard the story. "This thing has got to be  
stopped," he said. "Such instances are be-  
coming altogether too numerous. A man who  
would deliberately ride down a bicyclist be-  
cause he may be personally prejudiced against  
the sport is nothing more nor less than a  
brute. You men should remember that a  
wheelman has just as much right to the pub-  
lic thoroughfare as any driver, so long as he  
obeys the ordinances. I propose to put a  
stop to it, and if any one is ever brought be-  
fore me on a second offence it will go hard  
with him, if I have it within my power to in-  
flict a severe penalty. Such men do not  
seem to care for human life, or in what man-  
ner they may injure a wheelman. Henry  
Graef I will fine \$10 and Ernest Graef \$5."

They paid the fines.

## JUST THE SAME AS LAST SUNDAY.

A Sandwich Will Be a Meal  
at All the Raines  
Law Hotels.

AND THEY WILL BE OPEN.

For the Accommodation of Thirsty  
Guests Who Are Ex-  
pected to Eat.

THE FOOD THEY MAY ORDER.

The Tenderloin Will Not Be Dry, as  
Club Charters Have Become  
Popular and Initiation  
Fees Are Small.

Oh, the hand which holds the sandwich  
may demand a beer to-day.  
For the sandwich is the handmaid of the  
drink that's come to stay.  
And the man who after midnight can't pro-  
ceed the urban "smile"  
Quick should don the wings of riches and  
proceed to Coney Isle.

For at Coney, blessed Coney, where the  
steam cow's never mite,  
And the dainty lilac sausage garly plays  
the ribboned lute,  
He may buy the blushing beaker to put out  
his burning thirst.  
If he only have the forethought to procure  
a sandwich first.

Oh, the hand that makes the sandwich is  
the hand that rules the drink.  
In the morning's molten sunshine and the  
twilight's fading pink,  
And the cocktail will not eaper on the  
Coney Island stand  
Lest it frolics, garly frolics, with the sand-  
wich hand in hand.

So be sure and call him early, call him  
early, another dear.  
When the beer sings with the sandwich and  
the sandwich with the beer,  
And he'll fly away to Coney, and his wings  
will wildly flap  
When the bloom is on the sandwich and the  
amber foam's on tap.

And he'll dream about the people who are  
thriving in the town,  
While he gambols by the billows, wearing  
pleasure's shining crown.  
Dancing flip-flops and fandango on the  
barroom's silver sand,  
With the nectar in his stomach and the  
sandwich in his hand.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.  
All signs yesterday, so far as the police  
were concerned, failed to foretell dry  
weather for Sunday. Among saloon men  
and hotel keepers the word went round  
that the enforcement of the law was to be  
of the same sort as that which prevailed  
last Sunday, and having this dubious inch,  
all hands prepared to take the traditional  
oil.

There was a flurry of excitement in the  
forenoon, when it was known that Chief  
Conlin had summoned all the Inspectors  
before him at Headquarters to receive their  
instructions with regard to Saturday night  
and Sunday closing. But everybody was

Continued on Next Page.

## VOTER THE WINNER.

Keene's Colt Never Headed in  
the Handicap.

The Winner Took Second Money  
and Hastings Was  
Fourth.

August Belmont Got Through the Juvenile  
Push with His Crack-a-Jack  
Firearm.

SWEETER than the buttercups that peeped through the grass at Morris Park,  
yesterday, were the chappies that congregated on the clubhouse lawn. They  
were more numerous than the dandelions, and far gay.

Once every year chappelton surrenders its most choice flowers to help  
start the racing game in Westchester. All the clubs contribute their quota.  
Every grade of dude is to be found, and Fifth avenue rubs elbows with the entire  
town, from Avenue B to the North River.

The chappies do not take kindly to Morris Park as a racing centre. They do  
not dislike the place, for it is really the most beautiful race course of the western  
hemisphere, but the early date set for the racing is a trifle cool, and Morris Park is  
so beastly inaccessible.

I think the chappies would go to the track if it were not that the eternal  
climbing of elevated stairs, the awful condition of the railroads and the dust and  
dirt that is almost sure to ruin any costume were not so potentially in evidence.

As it was, the attendance, yesterday, was good. The grand stand was nearly filled  
by people whose names are not in the social register, and the clubhouse lawn was  
occupied by the elite of society and its fringe. That clubhouse, by the way, is a  
funny arrangement—a sort of pen in which to keep the sheep away from the goats.  
And yet, for all that, I found conspicuously  
in front of me, yester-  
day, several gen-  
tlemen whose faces I  
have never seen any-  
where except on the  
race track. When I  
asked who they were,  
I was told that they  
were members of the  
club, and so I didn't  
pursue the inquiry  
any further.

But what a crowd  
there was of people I  
did know! First and  
foremost, there was  
the president of the  
Jockey Club, August  
Belmont. He was as  
chippie as a sparrow.  
But I was rather sur-  
prised to notice that  
the long topcoat  
which he wore was  
the same that had  
done him service on  
similar occasions for  
the last three years.  
For the man who  
made the turn in  
Government bond is-  
sues that he did last  
year, it seems to me  
that that old topcoat  
is just a bit out of  
date. But after Mr. Bel-  
mont had been run-  
ning from Judges'  
stand to paddock, and  
paddock to clubhouse,  
and clubhouse to  
Judges' stand again,  
for about an hour he  
removed the coat that

was so familiar, and devoted himself to his handsome wife, who took quite as much  
interest in the racing as her famous husband.

When Firearm won the Juvenile stakes, Augie Belmont's face was as radiant as a  
Summer sunset, for the colt was not only one of his breeding, but one whose dam had  
been bred by his father before him. All the chappies rushed up to congratulate him,  
and I thought that Hamilton Hercules Cary would fall upon his neck and weep, as  
great was his joy.

But after the next race, when Hastings, Mr. Belmont's candidate for the Metro-  
politan Handicap, and a red-hot favorite, had been ignominiously beaten, what a change  
was there! Mr. Belmont put on his topcoat again, and looked as dark as a thunder-  
cloud, while Hercules  
Cary and all the other  
chappies that bet on  
Hastings, returned to  
the shadows of the  
clubhouse to liquidate  
their sorrows.

There was just one  
man in all that crowd  
who was overjoyed,  
and that was "papa"  
Jim Keene, whose  
horse, Voter, had  
beaten the Belmont  
champion, and se-  
cured the most covet-  
ed prize of the Morris  
Park meeting.

Jim Keene is not  
given to merriment,  
but when he saw his  
famous white jacket,  
with the blue polka  
dots, flash first past  
the post, that hickory  
nut face of his lighted  
up like a May day af-  
ter a storm. Mr.  
Keene was undoubt-  
edly the happiest man  
at Morris Park, and  
his good fortune was  
the occasion of con-  
gratulations from the  
men who lost their  
money in trying to  
beat his colt.

Perhaps the most  
elegant chappie at  
Morris Park yesterday, was T. Saffern Tuller, sometimes called "Tommy," for short  
rather than for familiarity. "Tommy" had led the tandem parade to the Park earlier  
in the day, and was rigged out to fit the occasion. From his shining silk hat to his im-  
maculate white spats he was absolutely beyond criticism. He knew that he was ele-  
gant, and the only thing I have against him is that he would go around and stand near  
Ned Bulky, so as to make the contrast in their figures all the more to his advantage.

James Hyde Beckman.  
Morris Park yesterday, was T. Saffern Tuller, sometimes called "Tommy," for short  
rather than for familiarity. "Tommy" had led the tandem parade to the Park earlier  
in the day, and was rigged out to fit the occasion. From his shining silk hat to his im-  
maculate white spats he was absolutely beyond criticism. He knew that he was ele-  
gant, and the only thing I have against him is that he would go around and stand near  
Ned Bulky, so as to make the contrast in their figures all the more to his advantage.

James Hyde Beckman.  
Morris Park yesterday, was T. Saffern Tuller, sometimes called "Tommy," for short  
rather than for familiarity. "Tommy" had led the tandem parade to the Park earlier  
in the day, and was rigged out to fit the occasion. From his shining silk hat to his im-  
maculate white spats he was absolutely beyond criticism. He knew that he was ele-  
gant, and the only thing I have against him is that he would go around and stand near  
Ned Bulky, so as to make the contrast in their figures all the more to his advantage.



MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK TANDEM CLUB AS THEY APPEARED AT MORRIS PARK YESTERDAY.

These young men of fashion and high carts had their annual coaching parade yesterday morning in Central Park. Their appearance elicited much favorable comment from the onlookers. At the conclusion of the parade they all drove to the Morris Park race track, where they witnessed the Metropolitan Handicap. It is said that they played favorites for winners, which was certainly unfortunate. The above picture was drawn from a photograph taken especially for the Journal. An account of the parade will be found on Page 32.